

MOUNTAIN AGRICULTURE

Conducted by Mr. Robert F. Spence, Farm Demonstrator and Special Investigator

JUNIOR AGRICULTURAL CLUBS MADISON—ROCKCASTLE 1920-21

November almost gone and December 31 drawing near, which will close our Junior Agriculture Club Campaign.

Have you a Junior Club in your school district or community? Is it as big as it can be made this year? All the assistance furnished these boys and girls will be free. Why not have a Junior Club and get what is coming to us and our boys and girls.

New application cards with thirty-three projects, or things for boys and girls to do, can be gotten from County Agent, Berea.

The following are some of the things they can do with the aid and backing of State College of Agriculture and United States Department of Agriculture.

Raise corn, potatoes, soy beans, sweet clover, fruits, garden tomatoes, tobacco, pigs, sow and litter, sheep, poultry, bees.

Study sewing, home arts, foods, canning, butter making.

There should be a Junior Club in every district, directed by local leader, trustee and teacher. All assistance and help necessary for the development and success of each club will be furnished by State College of Agriculture and U. S. Department of Agriculture through the County Agent.

Write to County Agent, Berea, today for club application cards and start your club.

NEWS NOTES OF THE "INTERNATIONAL"

Secretary of Agriculture Meredith will be a visitor at the International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago the first week of December. The Governors of dozen livestock-raising states will also be on the grounds.

A score of annual meetings of live stock breeders and other associations will be held during the week. Chicago in recent years has become the Mecca of the organized horse, cattle, swine and sheep interests at this period.

Pedigreed live stock valued at over \$1,000,000 will be sold during the Exposition week. Contributions to these sales will come from all over the United States and the British Islands, giving the commercial phase of the Exposition a pronounced international character.

Nothing will be more calculated to arouse interest than the grain and hay display. This year every important section of the United States and Canada will be represented. The show will not only be an inspiration to grain and grass growers, but will afford a demonstration of the productive capacity of the various sections represented.

The women will have abundant entertainment and instruction in the well equipped Domestic Science Department. Last year's scope of this branch of the Exposition has been increased and every phase of this interesting and essential science will be embraced.

THE FARM BUREAU

The question comes up now and then as to what have the farm bureau accomplished so far. As we see it, and we can speak more particularly for Kentucky, the first object so far is organization, for without a strong organization nothing can be accomplished. In this State the Farm Bureau is only about eight months old and now number 9,000 members. Forty-six counties are organized, with one county, Christian, holding a membership of 1,000 and still growing. A drive is to be put on in the State this fall, when the membership is expected to be doubled.

But is the Farm Bureau functioning in the State? Has anything definite been accomplished to justify the Farm Bureau's existence? Let's take only a few concrete examples for answer. In Carroll county the Farm Bureau at four months of age, 121 members, did a business of \$13,699.00 and saved for its members \$3,259.55 in the purchase of field seed, feed, fertilizer and seed potatoes. Allen county, just six months old, did a business of over \$65,000, saving over \$13,000. They have purchased a \$15,000 brick warehouse, deeded to the Farm Bureau of the county and, in addition to savings, have a fund of over \$5,000 toward payment on the warehouse. Numerous other achievements could be cited, but these should show that the Farm Bureau is functioning, but another will be mentioned.

One act that affected every wheat grower in the State was at threshing seasons the mills in Kentucky agreed to pay Louisville quotations day by day for wheat. On investigation by the Secretary of the State Farm Bureau it was found that the Louisville papers carried quotations as paid by one mill in the city, which did not

represent the real Louisville f. o. b. prices, which were 15 cents per bushel higher, only what that mill was paying. A conference was called at one of the Louisville paper offices of the mill men, the grain dealers and representatives of the daily press, the matter was straightened out, so that thereafter the papers have carried the actual Louisville market prices. This has saved millions of dollars to the wheat growers of Kentucky. Every wheat grower in the State could well afford to pay one cent per bushel to the Kentucky Farm Bureau for this one act alone.

The Farm Bureau takes the stand that a farm is a factory, hence anything that the members wish to purchase should be done co-operatively through their business agent, and what they have to sell can be handled in the same manner. The Farm Bureau takes no antagonistic attitude toward local merchants, but just the contrary, yet if two or more merchants in a town can purchase a carload of fence wire or fertilizers together, so can two or more farmers do the same thing, buying where they can get the best terms, and this right is extended to all Farm Bureau members. This necessitates the employment of a business agent in each county where the membership is strong enough to justify it. On another page will be found a synopsis of the ideals of the Farm Bureau and the activities that are proposed to go into. The farm bureaus are approved by the Department of Agriculture and the county and home demonstration agents work co-operatively with them.

SCOUT'S LASSO SAVES GIRL.

When Nora Christie, fourteen years old, of Summit, N. J., fell into a well in a vacant lot, Lewis Ackerman, fifteen years of age, a boy scout, rescued her with a lasso.

Nora and Vern Bowen took a short cut through the lot, when suddenly Nora plunged through the crust of snow and disappeared.

Vern ran to the Ackerman home. Lewis dropped his scout guard rope down the well and Nora put the loop beneath her arms and was hauled to safety.

Embargo on Sugar Contemplated.
Havana.—President Menocal has virtually decided to issue a decree placing an embargo on the exportation of all sugar held over from last year's crop, according to information from a reliable source.

What Mrs. Brenninger, of New York, Says About Rat Poison.

"Tried preparations that kill rats, but RAT-SNAP is the only one that prevents disagreeable odors after killing. Also like RAT-SNAP because it comes in handy cakes, no mixing with other food. You don't have to dirty your hands, it's the best for household use." Try RAT-SNAP. Three sizes, 35c, 65c, \$1.25. Sold and guaranteed by

Porter-Moore Drug Co.
Hensley & Cornett

CINCINNATI MARKETS.

Hay and Grain.

Corn—No. 4 white \$0.81c, No. 4 yellow \$1.02c, No. 4 mixed 79c@80c.
Sound Hay—Timothy per ton \$24.00, clover mixed \$24.25, clover \$27.00@28.

Oats—No. 2 white 53½c@54c, No. 3 white 52c@52½c, No. 2 mixed 53½c@54c.

Wheat—No. 2 red \$2.11@2.13, No. 3 red \$2.08@2.10, No. 4 red \$2.05@2.08.

Butter, Eggs and Poultry.

Butter—whole milk creamery extras 63c; centralized extras 61c, firsts 58c, ordinary firsts 73c.

Eggs—Extra firsts 77c, firsts 75c, ordinary firsts 73c.

Live Poultry—Broilers, 2 lbs. and under 30c, fryers over 2 lbs. 26c; fowls 5 lbs. and over 28c; under 4 lbs. 24c, roosters 12c.

Live Stock.

Cattle—Steers, good to choice \$10.00@12, fair to good \$7.00@10, common to fair \$4.50@7, heifers, good to choice, \$7.50@9, fair to good \$5.50@7.50, common to fair \$3.50@5.50, canners \$2.00@3.25, stock heifers \$5.00@9.50.

Calves—Good to choice \$15.50@16, fair to good \$11@15.50, common and large \$4@10.

Sheep—Good to choice \$4.50@5, fair to good \$3@4.50, common \$2@2.75; lambs, good to choice \$11@11.50, fair to good \$10@11.

Hogs—Heavy \$12, choice packers and butchers \$12, medium \$12, common to choice heavy fat sows \$9@10.50, light sows \$12, pigs (110 lbs. and less) \$10@12.

NO MORE RATS

or mice, after you use RAT-SNAP. It's a sure rodent killer. Try a pkg. and prove it. Rats killed with RAT-SNAP leave no smell. Cats or dogs won't touch it. Guaranteed.

35c size (1 cake) enough for Pantry, Kitchen, or Cellar.
65c size (2 cakes) for Chicken House, coop, or small buildings.
\$1.25 size (5 cakes) enough for all farm and out-buildings, storage buildings, or factory buildings.

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The men all wore blue overalls, dark blue or gray shirts, and heavy boots. They were guiltless of coat or vest, and tossed their light straw hats on the water bench as they passed. There was a quick splashing of greasy hands at the wash basin, followed by a more effectual rubbing on a towel made from a worn-out grain sack. The hired man paused to change the water and wash his face, but the others proceeded at once to the table, where no time was lost in ceremony. Harris helped himself generously to meat and vegetables and having done so, passed the platters to his son, and in this way they were circulated about the table. There was no talk for the first few minutes, only the sound of knife and fork piled vigorously and interchangeably by father and son, and with some regard for convention by the other members of the family. John Harris had long ago recognized the truth that the destiny of food was the mouth, and whether conveyed on knife or fork made little difference. Mary, too, had found a carelessness of little details both of manner and speech coming over her, as her occasional "ain't" betrayed, but since Jim had joined their table she had been on her guard. Jim seldom said anything, but always that quiet smile lay like a mask over his real emotions.

When the first insistent demands of appetite had been appeased, Harris, resting both elbows on the table, with knife and fork trained on opposite corners of the ceiling, straightened himself somewhat and remarked: "Allan an' me's goin' to town to-night; anything you want from Semper's store, Mary?"

"That lets me in for the cows," said Beulah. "You were in town night before last, too, and it was 9:30 before I got through milking."

"Oh, well, Jim was away that night," said Allan.

"Jim has enough to do, without milking cows after hours," returned the girl. "What do you want to go to town for again tonight, anyway?" "Got to get more coal," said Harris. "We'll take two teams, an' it'll be late when we get back."

"I think it's all nonsense, this day-an'-night work," persisted Beulah. "Is there never going to be any let-up on it?"

"Beulah, you forget yourself," said her father. "If you'd more to do you'd have less time to fret about it. Your mother did more work in one summer than you have in all your life, an' she's doin' more yet."

"Oh, Beulah's a good help," interposed Mary. "I hope she never has to work like I did."

"I guess the work never hurt us," said Harris, helping himself to preserved strawberries. "Just the same, I'm glad to see you gettin' a bit easier. But this younger generation—heats me what we're comin' to. Thinkin' about nothin' but fun and gaddin' to town every night or two. And clo'es—Beulah there's got more clo'es than there were in the whole Plainville settlement the first two or three years."

"I got more neighbors, too," interjected the girl. Then springing up, she stood behind her father's chair and put her arm around his neck.

"Don't be cross, Dad," she whispered.



"Don't Be Cross, Dad," She Whispered.

pered. "Your heart's in the right place—but a long way in."

He disengaged her, gently enough. As Beulah said, his heart was all right, but a long way in. Twenty-five years of pitched battle with circumstances—sometimes in victory, sometimes in defeat, but never in despair; always with a load of expense about him, always with the problem of income and outlay to be solved—had made of Harris a man very different from the young idealist of '82. During the first years of struggle for a bare existence in some way the flame of idealism still burned, but with the dawn of the "hat

ter times" there came a gradual shifting of standards and a new conception of essentials. The crops of the early years were unprofitable on account of the great distance to market; later, when the railway came to their doors, the crops were still unprofitable, owing to falling prices and diminishing yields due to poor cultivation. Then came a decade during which those who stayed in the country stayed because they could not get out, and it became a current saying that the more land a man farmed the deeper he got in debt.

Then came the swing of the pendulum. No one knows just what started it prosperously. Some said it was that the farmers, disheartened with wheat growing, were applying themselves to stock, and certain it is that in "mixed farming" the community eventually found its salvation; others attributed the change to improved agricultural implements, to improved methods of farming, to greater knowledge of prairie conditions, to reductions in the cost of transportation and enlarged facilities for marketing, or to increasing world demand and higher world prices for the product of the farm. But whatever the causes—and no doubt all of the above contributed—the fact gradually dawned upon the settlers that land—their land—was worth money.

It was the farmers from the United States, scouting for cheaper lands than were available in their own communities, who first drove the conviction home. They came with money in their wallets; they were actually prepared to exchange real money for land. Such a thing had never before been heard of in Plainville district.

But a few transactions took place; lands were sold at five dollars, six dollars, eight dollars an acre. The farmers began to realize that land represented wealth—that it was an asset, not a liability—and there was a rush for the cheap railway lands that had so long gone begging. Harris was among the first to sense the change in the times, and a beautiful section of railway land that lay next to his homestead he bought at four dollars an acre. The first crop more than paid for the land, and Harris suddenly found himself on the way to riches.

The joy that came with the realization that fortune had knocked at his door and he had heard was the controlling emotion of his heart for a year or more. But gradually, like a fog blown across a moonlit night, came a sense of chill and disappointment. If only he had bought two sections! If only he had proved up on his preemption, which he might have had for nothing! He saw neighbors about him adding quarter to quarter. None of them had done better than himself, but some had done as well. And in some way the old sense of oneness, the old community interest which had held the little band of pioneers together amid their privations and their poverty, began to weaken and dissolve, and in its place came an individualism and a materialism that measured progress only in dollars and cents. Harris did not know that his gods had fallen, that his ideals had been swept away; even as he sat at supper this summer evening, with his daughter's arm about his neck, he felt that he was still bravely, persistently, pressing on toward the goal, all unaware that years ago he had left that goal like a lighthouse on a rocky shore, and was now sweeping along with the turbulent tide of Mammonism. He still saw the light ahead, but it was now a phantom of the imagination. He said, "When I am worth ten thousand I will have reached it," when he was worth ten thousand he found the faithless light had moved on to twenty-five thousand. He said, "When I am worth twenty-five thousand I will have reached it," when he was worth twenty-five thousand he saw the glow still ahead, beckoning him on to fifty thousand. To stop now might mean losing sight of his goal, and John Harris held nothing in heaven or earth so great as his attainment.

So, gently enough, he disengaged his daughter's arm and finished his supper in silence. As soon as it was ended the men started for the barn, and in a few minutes two wagons rattled noisily down the trail.

Beulah helped with the supper dishes, and then came out with the milk pails to the corral where the cows, puffing and chewing, complacently awaited her arrival. But she had not reached the gate when the hired man was at her side and had slipped one of the pails from her arm.

"Now, Jim, I don't think that's fair at all," she said; and there was a tremor in her voice that vexed her. "Here you're slaving all day with coal and water, and I think that's enough, without milking cows at night."

But Jim only smiled and stirred a cow into position.

There was a tenuous song of the tin pails as the white streams rattled on their bottoms.

"Jim," she said, after a while, when the noise of the milking was drowned in the creamy froth, "I'm getting near the end of this kind of thing. Father's getting more and more set on money

all the time. He thinks I should slave along too to pile up more beside what he's got already, but I'm not going to do it much longer. I'm not afraid of work, or hardship either. I'd live in a shack if I had to, I'd—"

"Would you live in a shack?" said Jim.

She shot a quick look at him. But he was quietly smiling into his milk pail, and she decided to treat his question impersonally.

"Yes, I'd live in a shack, too, if I had to. I put in my first years in a sodhouse, and there was more real happiness romping up and down the land than there is now. In those days everybody was so poor that money didn't count. It's different now."

Jim did not pursue the subject, and the milking was completed in silence. Jim finished first, and presently the rising hum of the cream separator was heard from the kitchen.

"There he goes, winding his arm off—for me," said the girl, as she rose from the last cow. "Poor Jim—I wish I knew whether it's just human kindness makes him do it, or whether—" She stopped, coloring a little over the thought that had almost escaped into words.

When the heavy grind of the separating was finished Jim went quietly to his own room, but the girl put on a clean dress and walked out through the garden. At the lower gate she stooped to pick a flower, which she toyed for a moment to her face; then, tending lightly with it in her fingers, she slipped the latch and continued along the path leading down into the ravine. To the right lay the bench where the sodhouse had stood, not so much as a mound now marking the spot; but the thoughts of the girl turned yearningly to it, and to the days of the lonely but not unhappy childhood which it had sheltered.

Presently she reached the water, and her quick ear caught the sound of a muskrat slipping gently into the stream from the reeds on the opposite bank; she could see the widening wake where he plowed his swift way across the pond. Then her own figure stood up before her, graceful and lithe as the willows on the bank. She surveyed it a minute, then flicked the flower at her face in the water, and turned slowly homeward. She was not unhappy, but a dull sense of loss oppressed her—a sense that the world was very rich and very beautiful, and that she was feasting neither on its richness nor its beauty. There was a stirring of music and poetry in her soul, but neither music nor poetry found expression. And presently she discovered she was thinking about Jim Travers.

Her mother sat in the dining room, knitting by the light of the hanging lamp. Her face seemed very pale and lovely in the soft glow.

"Don't you think you have done enough?" said the girl, slipping into a sitting posture on the floor by her mother's knee. "You work, work, work, all the time. I suppose they'll have to let you work in heaven."

"We value our work more as we grow older," said the mother. . . .

"It helps to keep us from thinking." "There you go!" exclaimed the girl; but there was a tenderness in her voice. "Worrying again. I wish they'd stay home for a change."

The mother piled her needles in silence. "Slip away to bed, Beulah," she said at length. "I will wait up for a while."

Late in the night the girl heard heavy footsteps in the kitchen and bursts of loud but indistinct talking.

CHAPTER V.

Notwithstanding Harris' late hours the household was early astir the following morning. At five o'clock Jim was at work in the stables, feeding, rubbing down and harnessing his horses, while Allan and his father walked to the engine, where they built a fresh fire and made some minor repairs. A little later Beulah came down to the corral with her milk-pails, and the cows, comfortably chewing where they rested on their warm spots of earth, rose slowly and with evident great reluctance at her approach. The Harris farm, like fifty thousand others, rose from its brief hush of rest and quiet to the sounds and energies of another day.

Breakfast, like the meal of the night before, was eaten hurriedly, and at first without conversation, but at length Harris paused long enough to remark, "Riles is talkin' o' goin' West."

"The news might be worse," said Beulah. Riles, although a successful farmer, had the reputation of being grasping and hard to a degree, even in a community where such qualities, in moderation, were by no means considered vices.

Harris paid no attention to his daughter's interruption. It was evident, however, that his mention of Riles had a purpose behind it, and presently he continued:

"Riles has been writin' to the department of the interior, and it seems they're openin' a lot of land for homesteadin' away West, not far from the Rocky mountains. Seems they have a good climate there, and good soil, too."

"I should think Mr. Riles would be content with what he has," said Mary Harris. "He has a fine farm here, and I'm sure both him and his wife have worked hard enough to take it easier now."

"Hard work never killed nobody," pursued the farmer. "Riles is good for many a year yet, and free land ain't what it once was. Those homesteads'll be worth twenty dollars an acre by the time they're proved up."

(To be Continued)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. F. D. FITZWATER, D. D.,
Teacher of English Bible in the Moody
Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR NOVEMBER 28

HOW JESUS THE KING WAS RECEIVED.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 11 and 12.
GOLDEN TEXT—Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28.

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL.—Luke 1:18-26; 10:13-15; 4:21; 11:14-26, 28, 32.
PRIMARY TOPIC—The Kind Deeds of Jesus.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Friends and Enemies of Jesus.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Choosing Jesus as Our Teacher.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Response of Men to the Ministry of Jesus.

The teacher should keep in mind the progress of thought in Matthew and present these lessons accordingly.

In chapters 5 to 7 we have the laws of the kingdom; chapters 8 and 9, the mighty works to demonstrate the King's ability to administer the affairs of the kingdom; chapter 10, the propagation of the kingdom through the sending forth of the twelve; chapters 11 and 12, how the kingdom was received.

I. Four Classes of Hearers (ch. 11).

1. Perplexed hearers like John the Baptist (11:2-11). John believed that Jesus was the Christ (v. 2), but was somewhat perplexed as to the manner of the establishment of the kingdom. In the Old Testament predictions there were two lines in the Messianic prophecies; the one set forth Christ as the suffering one, as in Isaiah 53, and the other, as the invincible Conqueror, as in Isaiah 63. Indeed, in Isaiah 60:1, 2 we have the two advents in one view (see Matt. 3:10-12). He said that the ax is laid unto the root of the trees and that there was to be a separation of the chaff from the wheat and a burning of the chaff, but now the King was occupied merely with the opening of the eyes of the blind, etc. John saw Christ as the one who would remove the sins of the people by the shedding of his blood (John 1:29), but he failed to see the interval between the time of his sufferings and the time of his triumph. Since this interval between the first and second comings—the nature of the age in which we live—was not known until Christ revealed it in the parables of the thirteenth chapter, we do not wonder at John's perplexity. John's faith was not failing him, neither did he send this deputation to Jesus for the sake of his disciples. He was a true prophet and a faithful man, but he was perplexed.

2. Violent hearers (11:12-19). These were willing to receive the kingdom according to their own way, but were unwilling to conform to its laws. Their ears were closed to everything but their own carnality. They would not repent when called upon to repent by John, nor rejoice when called upon by Christ to rejoice (vg. 17-19).

3. The stout-hearted unbelievers (11:20-24). In Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, Christ had done most of his mighty works, but the people deliberately set their hearts against him and his message. It was not for lack of knowledge and opportunity that they were unsaved, but for their purposeful rejection of Christ. Tyre and Sidon, Sodom and Gomorrah were filled with immoral prodigies and idolaters, but they will be more tolerably dealt with in the day of judgment than those who wilfully reject Christ.

4. Hearers who are babes in spirit (11:25-30). There were some among those who heard Jesus with childlike faith, who believed that Christ was the Messiah, and they opened their hearts to receive him. Christ invites those who have the babe-like spirit to come to him, and to all who come to him and receive him he gives rest.

II. The Antagonism of the Kingdom. (ch. 12).

In chapter 11 we saw the shameful indifference of the Jews to their King. In this chapter we see positive and bitter antagonism manifesting itself against him. They are not only without a heart for him, but do their best to destroy him. The immediate occasion of their wicked determination was Christ's relation to the Sabbath. Because the hungry disciples plucked corn and Jesus healed the withered hand on the Sabbath day, they sought to destroy him. They accused him of being in league with the Devil. Jesus with unanswerable logic showed them that they had blasphemed against the Holy Ghost, and were therefore guilty of an unpardonable sin. They did not deny the miracle but sought to account for it without owning him as the Messiah.

What Tenderness Is.

Tenderness is the extreme susceptibility of the softer emotions and passions. It implies the refinement of pity, the sensitive delicacy of love, the culture of sympathy, and the most complete embodiment of a fervent, deep-seated, and impulsive gentleness.

—A. M. A. W.

Apply Discipline.

Restrain all the senses under the severity of discipline, and give not thyself over to foolish mirth.—Thom as Kempis.